



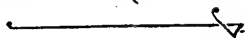


ECHOES

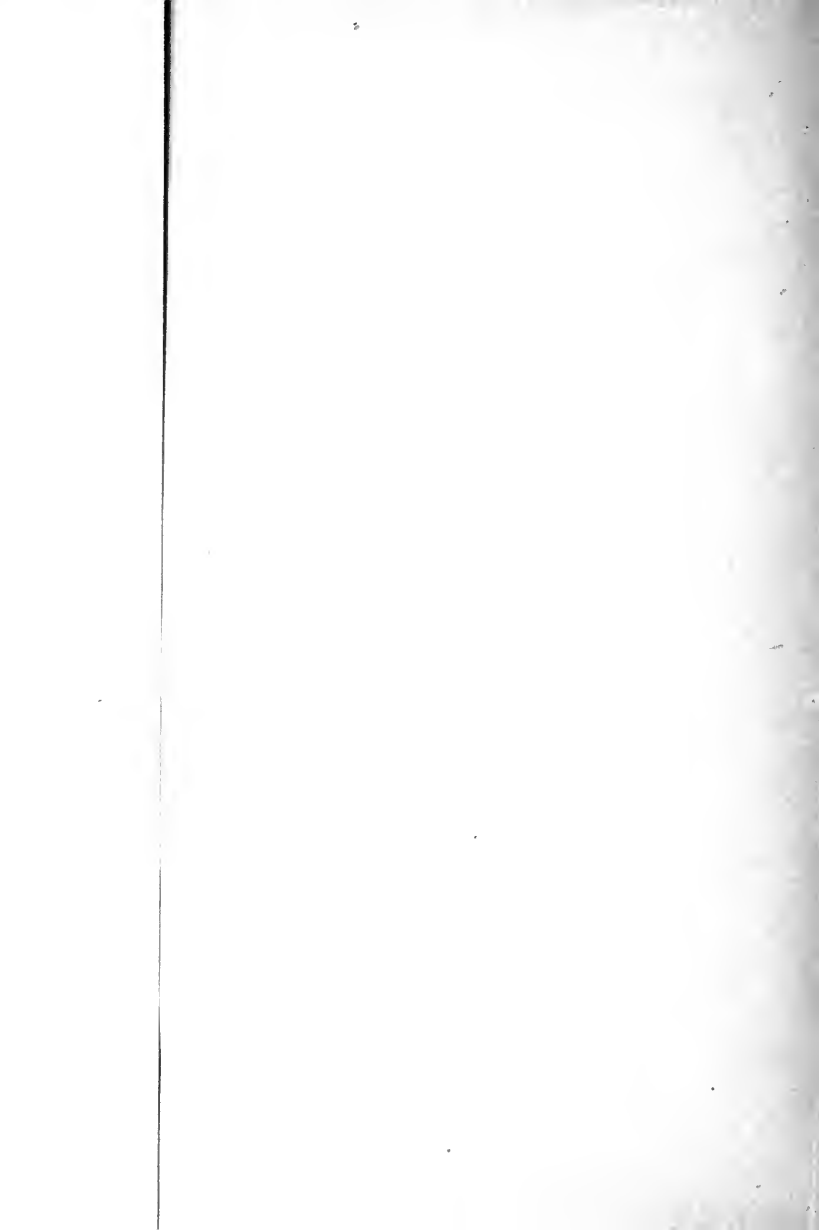
FROM THE



ORATORY



Newman

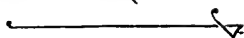


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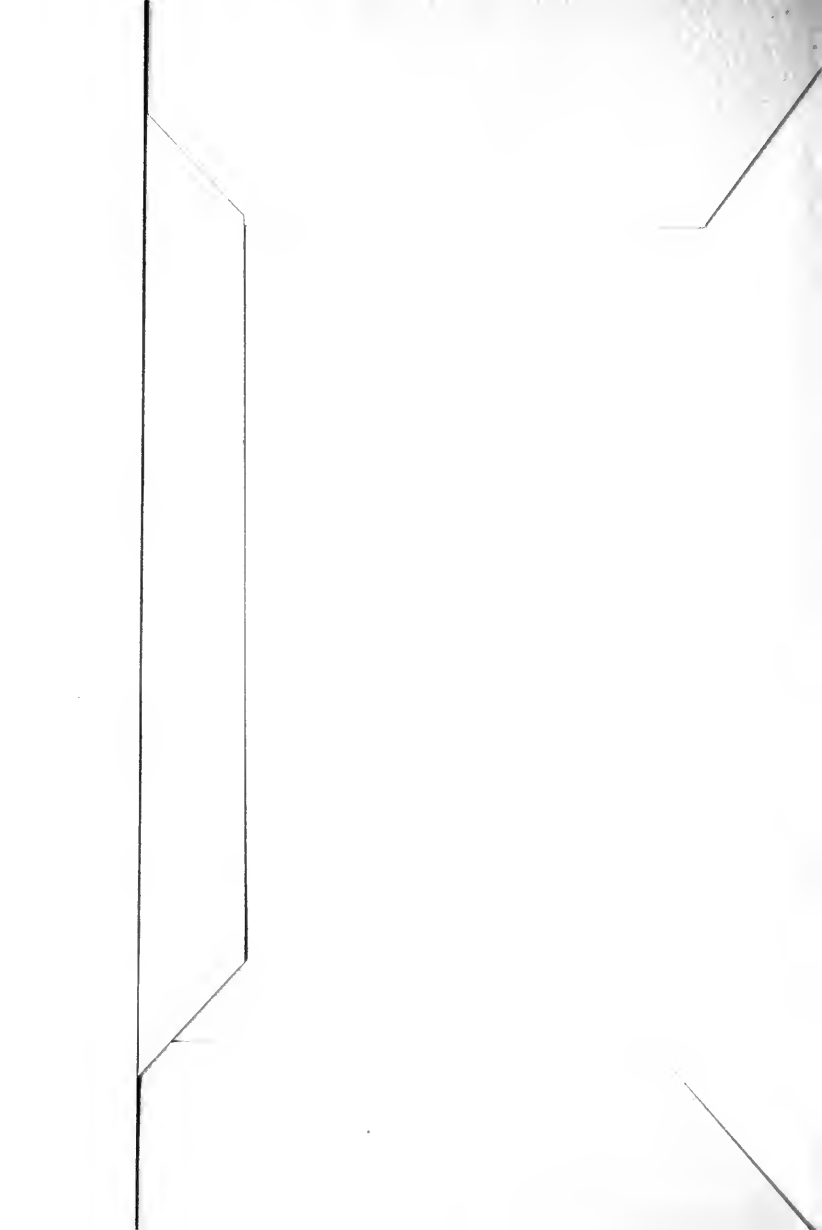


FROM THE

ORATORY



Newman





EX. LIBRIS  
REV. C. W. SULLIVAN  
BRAMPTON

ECHOE  
FROM  
THE ORATORY.

*mounted*

SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS

OF THE

REV. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

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## NOTE.

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IF any apology were needed for the presentation to the Protestant public of poems whose author belongs to another communion, it might be found in the precedent that a few at least of our most familiar hymns have had their origin in the Oratory. But it is believed that no such precedent need be pleaded. However wide may be denominational differences, however bitter at times may be the warfare waged by theologians, no one will question the value of that poetry in whose broad catholicity dogma and lesser doctrine is forgotten, as the author hymns the

praises of the Incarnate God. Who will refuse to read the "New Jerusalem" because Bernard of Cluny may have differed from the reader in his theological tenets? Is the "Dies Iræ" to remain unread by Protestants because Thomas of Celano was a Roman Catholic?

Of the author of these poems nothing need be said. An explanation of the principle upon which this selection of his poems has been made may not, however, be out of place. The compiler has endeavored to select, first, those poems which are free from all reference to the teachings peculiar to the Church of Rome; and, second, those which, in his judgment, possess the greatest literary merit. The broad catholicity of the author has rendered the first part of the compiler's task an easy one, while in selecting the poems, from a literary point of

view, he has been embarrassed by an abundance rather than by any scarcity of material. The only poem which has been abridged to any extent is the "Dream of Geron-tius," whose length, as well as the pronounced Romish character of certain portions, rendered abridg-ment necessary. It is hoped no in-justice has been done the author through any error of judgment on the part of the compiler in mak-ing this selection—certainly none has been intended.

*villainous  
mutilated*

*I have no sway amid the crowd, no art  
In speech, no place in council or in mart.  
Nor human law, nor judges throned on  
high,  
Smile on my face, and to my words  
reply.  
Let others seek earth's honors ; be it  
mine  
One law to cherish, and to track one  
line,  
Straight on towards heaven to press  
with single bent,  
To know and love my God, and then to  
die content.*

## A THANKSGIVING.

“Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.”

LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign  
voice

First quicken'd love divine ;

I am all Thine—Thy care and  
choice,

My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence

In childhood frail I trace,

For blessings given, ere dawning  
sense

Could seek or scan Thy grace ;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling

hour,

Bright dreams, and fancyings  
strange ;

Blessings, when reason's awful  
power  
Gave thought a bolder range ;

Blessings of friends, which to my  
door  
Unask'd, unhop'd, have come ;  
And, choicer still, a countless store  
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest  
place  
I shrine those seasons sad,  
When, looking up, I saw Thy face  
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,  
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow ;  
Sweet was the chastisement severe  
And sweet its memory now.

Yes ! let the fragrant scars abide,  
Love-tokens in Thy stead,

Faint shadows of the spear-pierced  
side  
And thorn-encompass'd head.

And such Thy tender force be still,  
When self would swerve or stray,  
Shaping to truth the froward will  
Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth ; far, far remove  
The lure of power or name ;  
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness  
love,  
And faith in this world's shame.

## JEREMIAH.

“O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-  
place of wayfaring men ; that I might leave my  
people, and go from them !”

“WOE’s me !” the peaceful prophet  
cried,

“Spare me this troubled life ;  
To stem man’s wrath, to school his  
pride,

To head the sacred strife !

“O place me in some silent vale,  
Where groves and flowers  
abound ;

Nor eyes that grudge, nor tongues  
that rail,

Vex the truth-haunted ground !”

If his meek spirit err’d, oppress

That God denied repose,

What sin is ours, to whom Heav-  
en’s rest

Is pledged, to heal earth’s woes ?

(10)

EX. LIBRIS  
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BRAMPTON

## THE GREEK FATHERS.

LET heathen sing thy heathen  
praise,  
Fall'n Greece ! the thought of ho-  
lier days  
In my sad heart abides ;  
For sons of thine in Truth's first  
hour  
Were tongues and weapons of His  
power,  
Born of the Spirit's fiery shower,  
Our fathers and our guides.

All thine is Clement's varied page  
And Dionysius, ruler sage,  
In days of doubt and pain ;  
And Origen with eagle eye ;  
And saintly Basil's purpose high  
To smite imperial heresy,  
And cleanse the Altar's stain.

From thee the glorious preacher  
came,  
With soul of zeal and lips of flame,  
A court's stern martyr-guest ;  
And thine, O inexhaustive race !  
Was Nazianzen's heaven - taught  
grace ;  
And royal-heated Athanase,  
With Paul's own mantle blest.

## DAVID AND JONATHAN.

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

O HEART of fire! misjudged by  
wilful man,

Thou flower of Jesse's race!  
What woe was thine, when thou  
and Jonathan

Last greeted face to face!  
He doom'd to die, thou on us to  
impress  
The portent of a blood-stain'd  
holiness.

Yet it was well :—for so, mid cares  
of rule

And crime's encircling tide,  
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one,  
to cool

Earth-joy and kingly pride ;

With battle - scene and pageant,  
     prompt to blend  
 The pale calm spectre of a blame-  
     less friend.

Ah ! had he lived, before Thy  
     throne to stand,  
     Thy spirit keen and high  
 Sure it had snapp'd in twain love's  
     slender band,  
     So dear in memory ;  
 Paul, of his comrade reft, the warn-  
     ing gives,—  
 He lives to us who dies, he is but  
     lost who lives.

## MESSINA.

“Homo sum ; humani nil à me alienum puto.”

WHY, wedded to the Lord, still  
yearns my heart

Towards these scenes of ancient  
heathen fame ?

Yet legend hoar, and voice of  
bard that came

Fixing my restless youth with its  
sweet art,

And shades of power, and those  
who bore a part

In the mad deeds that set the  
world in flame,

So fret my memory here—ah ! is  
it blame ?—

That from my eyes the tear is fain  
to start.

Nay, from no fount impure these  
drops arise ;

'Tis but that sympathy with Adam's  
    race  
Which in each brother's history  
    reads its own.  
So let the cliffs and seas of this fair  
    place  
Be named man's tomb and splendid  
    record-stone,  
High hope, pride-stain'd, the course  
    without the prize.

## OUR FUTURE.

“What I do, thou knowest not now ; but thou shalt know hereafter.”

DID we but see,  
When life first open'd, how our  
    journey lay  
Between its earliest and its closing  
    day,  
Or view ourselves, as we one time  
    shall be,  
Who strive for the high prize, such  
    sight would break  
The youthful spirit, though bold  
    for Jesu's sake.

But Thou, dear Lord !  
Whilst I traced out bright scenes  
    which were to come,  
Isaac's pure blessings, and a ver-  
    dant home,

Didst spare me, and withhold  
Thy fearful word ;  
Wiling me year by year, till I am  
found  
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad  
girdle bound.

## DAY-LABORERS.

"And He said, It is finished."

ONE only, of God's messengers to  
man,  
Finish'd the work of grace, which  
He began ;  
E'en Moses wearied upon Nebo's  
height,  
Though loth to leave the fight  
With the doom'd foe, and yield the  
sun-bright land  
To Joshua's armèd band.

And David wrought in turn a stren-  
uous part,  
Zeal for God's house consuming  
him in heart ;  
And yet he might not build, but  
only bring  
Gifts for the Heavenly King ;  
And these another rear'd, his peace-  
ful son,  
Till the full work was done.

## LIBERALISM.

“Jehu destroyed Baal out of Israel. Howbeit from the sins of Jeroboam Jehu departed not from after them, to wit, the golden calves that were in Bethel, and that were in Dan.”

YE can not halve the Gospel of  
God's grace ;

Men of presumptuous heart ! I  
know you well.

Ye are of those who plan that we  
should dwell,

Each in his tranquil home and holy  
place ;

Seeing the Word refines all natures  
rude,

And tames the stirrings of the mul-  
titude.

And ye have caught some echoes  
of its lore,

As heralded amid the joyous  
choirs ;

Ye mark'd it spoke of peace,  
chastised desires,  
Good-will and mercy—and ye heard  
no more ;  
But, as for zeal and quick-eyed  
sanctity,  
And the dread depths of grace, ye  
pass'd them by.

And so ye halve the Truth ; for ye  
in heart,  
At best, are doubters whether it  
be true,  
The theme discarding, as unmeet  
for you,  
Statesmen or Sages. O new-com-  
pass'd art  
Of the ancient Foe !—but what, if  
it extends  
O'er our own camp, and rules amid  
our friends ?

ST. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

PEACE-LOVING man, of humble  
heart and true !

What dost thou here ?

Fierce is the city's crowd ; the  
lordly few

Are dull of ear !

Sore pain it was to thee—till thou  
didst quit

Thy patriarch-throne at length, as  
though for power unfit.

So works the All-wise ! our ser-  
vices dividing

Not as we ask :

For the world's profit, by our gifts  
deciding

Our duty-task.

See in king's courts loth Jeremias  
plead ;

And slow-tongued Moses rule by  
eloquence of deed !

Yes ! thou, bright Angel of the  
East ! didst rear  
The Cross divine,  
Borne high upon thy liquid accents,  
where  
Men mock'd the Sign ;  
Till that cold city heard thy battle-cry,  
And hearts were stirr'd, and deem'd  
a Pentecost was nigh.

Thou couldst a people raise, but  
couldst not rule :—  
So, gentle one,  
Heaven set thee free—for, ere thy  
years were full,  
Thy work was done ;  
According thee the lot thou lovedst  
best,  
To muse upon the past—to serve,  
yet be at rest.

## THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the en-  
circling gloom,

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far  
from home—

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask  
to see

The distant scene—one step enough  
for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that  
Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path,  
but now

Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite  
of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember  
not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me,  
sure it still

Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and  
torrent, till

The night is gone ;  
And with the morn those angel  
faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and  
lost awhile.

## FAITH AGAINST SIGHT.

“As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be  
also in the day of the Son of Man.”

THE world has cycles in its course,  
when all  
That once has been, is acted o'er  
again :—  
Not by some fated law, which need  
appal  
Our faith, or binds our deeds as  
with a chain ;  
But by men's separate sins, which  
blended still  
The same bad round fulfil.

Then fear ye not, though Gallio's  
scorn ye see,  
And soft-clad nobles count you  
mad, true hearts !  
These are the fig-tree's signs ;—  
rough deeds must be,  
(26)

Trials and crimes : so learn ye  
well your parts.  
Once more to plough the earth it  
is decreed,  
And scatter wide the seed.



## VEXATIONS.

EACH trial has its weight ; which,  
whoso bears  
Knows his own woe, and need of  
succoring grace ;  
The martyr's hope half wipes  
away the trace  
Of flowing blood ; the while life's  
humblest cares  
Smart more, because they hold  
in Holy Writ no place.

This be my comfort, in these days  
of grief,  
Which is not Christ's, nor forms  
heroic tale.  
Apart from Him, if not a sparrow  
fail,  
May not He pitying view, and send  
relief  
When foes or friends perplex, and  
peevish thoughts prevail ?

Then keep good heart, nor take the  
niggard course

Of Thomas, who must see ere he  
would trust.

Faith will fill up God's word, not  
poorly just

To the bare letter, heedless of its  
force,

But walking by its light amid  
earth's sun and dust.

## THE POWER OF PRAYER.

THERE is not on the earth a soul so  
base

But may obtain a place  
In covenanted grace ;  
So that his feeble prayer of faith  
obtains

Some loosening of his chains,  
And earnest of the great release,  
which rise  
From gift to gift, and reach at  
length the eternal prize.

All may save self ;—but minds that  
heavenward tower  
Aim at a wider power,  
Gifts on the world to shower.  
And this is not at once ;—by fast-  
ings gain'd,  
And trials well sustain'd,  
By pureness, righteous deeds, and  
toils of love,  
Abidance in the Truth, and zeal for  
God above.

## LAUS THURSDAY.

"Lux ecce surgit aurea."

SEE ! the golden dawn is glowing,  
While the paly shades are going,  
Which have led us far and long  
In a labyrinth of wrong.

May it bring us peace serene ;  
May it cleanse, as it is clean ;  
Plain and clear our words be spoke,  
And our thoughts without a cloak ;

So the day's account shall stand.  
Guileless tongue and holy hand,  
Steadfast eyes and unbeguiled,  
"Flesh as of a little child."

There is One who from above  
Watches how the still hours move  
Of our day of service done,  
From the dawn to setting sun.

To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three and One,  
As of old, and as in Heaven,  
Now and here be glory given.

*time*  
PRINCE.

"Jam lucis orto sidere."

Now that the day-star glimmers  
bright,

We suppliantly pray  
That He, the uncreated Light,  
May guide us on our way.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,  
Nor thoughts that idly rove ;  
But simple truth be on our tongue,  
And in our hearts be love.

And, while the hours in order flow,  
O Christ, securely fence  
Our gates, beleaguer'd by the foe—  
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to Thine honor,  
Lord,  
Our daily toil may tend ;  
That we begin it at Thy word,  
And in Thy favor end.

## VESPERS—SUNDAY.

“Lucis Creator optime.”

FATHER of Lights, by whom each  
day

Is kindled out of night,  
Who, when the heavens were made,  
didst lay

Their rudiments in light ;  
Thou, who didst bind and blend in  
one

The glistening morn and evening  
pale,

Hear Thou our plaint, when light  
is gone,

And lawlessness and strife pre-  
vail.

Hear, lest the whelming weight of  
crime

Wreck us with life in view ;

Lest thoughts and schemes of sense  
and time

Earn us a sinner's due.

So may we knock at Heaven's door,

And strive the immortal prize to  
win,

Continually and evermore

Guarded without and pure within.

## COMPLINE.

"Te lucis ante terminum."

Now that the daylight dies away  
By all Thy grace and love,  
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray  
To watch our bed above.

Let dreams depart and phantoms  
fly,  
The offspring of the night,  
Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine  
eye,  
Pure in our foe's despite.

This grace on Thy redeem'd confer,  
Father, Co-equal Son,  
And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,  
Eternal Three in One.

## THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

GERONTIUS.

JESU, MARIA—I am near to death,  
And Thou art calling me ; I know  
it now.

Not by the token of this faltering  
breath,

This chill at heart, this dampness  
on my brow,—

(Jesu, have mercy ! Mary, pray for  
me !)

'Tis this new feeling, never felt  
before

(Be with me, Lord, in my extrem-  
ity !)

That I am going, that I am no  
more.

Tis this strange innermost aban-  
donment,

(Lover of souls ! great God ! I  
look to Thee),

38 *THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.*

This emptying out of each constituent

And natural force, by which I  
come to be.

Pray for me, O my friends ; a visitant

Is knocking his dire summons at  
my door,

The like of whom, to scare me and  
to daunt,

Has never, never come to me before ;

'Tis death,—O loving friends, your  
prayers!—'tis he! . . . .

As though my very being had given  
way,

As though I was no more a substance now,

And could fall back on nought to  
be my stay,

(Help, loving Lord ! Thou my  
sole Refuge, Thou),

And turn no whither, but must  
needs decay

And drop from out the universal  
frame  
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank  
abyss,  
That utter nothingness, of which  
I came :  
This is it that has come to pass in  
me ;  
Oh, horror ! this it is, my dearest,  
this ;  
So pray for me, my friends, who have  
not strength to pray.

. . . . .  
Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and  
play the man ;  
And through such waning span  
Of life and thought as still has to  
be trod,  
Prepare to meet thy God.  
And while the storm of that bewil-  
derment  
Is for a season spent,  
And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,  
Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS.

Be merciful, be gracious ; spare  
him, Lord !

Be merciful, be gracious ; Lord,  
deliver him !

From the sins that are past ;  
From Thy frown and Thine ire ;  
From the perils of dying ;  
From any complying  
With sin, or denying  
His God, or relying  
On self, at the last ;  
From the nethermost fire ;  
From all that is evil ;  
From power of the devil ;  
Thy servant deliver,  
For once and forever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,  
Rescue him from endless loss ;  
By Thy death and burial,  
Save him from a final fall ;

By Thy rising from the tomb,  
By Thy mounting up above,  
By the Spirit's gracious love,  
Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.  
Firmly I believe and truly  
God is Three, and God is One ;  
And I next acknowledge duly  
Manhood taken by the Son.  
And I trust and hope most fully  
In that manhood crucified ;  
And each thought and deed unruly  
Do to death, as He has died.  
Simply to His grace and wholly  
Light and life and strength be-  
long,  
And I love, supremely, solely,  
Him the holy, Him the strong.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Parce mihi, Domine.  
And I hold in veneration,  
For the love of Him alone,  
Holy Church, as His creation,  
And her teachings, as His own.  
And I take with joy whatever  
Now besets me, pain or fear,  
And with a strong will I sever  
All the ties which bind me here.  
Adoration aye be given,  
With and through the angelic  
host,  
To the God of earth and heaven,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,  
De profundis oro te,  
Miserere, Judex meus,  
Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more ; for now it comes  
again,

That sense of ruin, which is worse  
    than pain,  
That masterful negation and col-  
    lapse  
Of all that makes me man; as  
    though I bent  
    Over the dizzy brink  
Of some sheer infinite descent;  
Or worse, as though  
Down, down forever I was falling  
    through  
The solid framework of created  
    things,  
And needs must sink and sink  
    Into the vast abyss. And, cruel-  
    er still,  
    A fierce and restless fright begins  
    to fill  
The mansion of my soul. And,  
    worse and worse,  
    Some bodily form of ill  
Floats on the wind, with many a  
    loathsome curse,

Tainting the hallow'd air, and  
 laughs, and flaps  
 Its hideous wings,  
 And makes me wild with horror  
 and dismay.

. . . . .

ASSISTANTS.

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his  
 evil hour,  
 As of old so many by Thy gracious  
 power :— (Amen.)  
 Enoch and Elias from the common  
 doom ; (Amen.)  
 Noe from the waters in a saving  
 home ; (Amen.)  
 Abraham from th' abounding guilt  
 of Heathenesse ; (Amen.)  
 Job from all his multiform and fell  
 distress ; (Amen.)  
 Isaac, when his father's knife was  
 raised to slay ; (Amen.)  
 Lot from burning Sodom on its  
 judgment-day ; (Amen.)

Moses from the land of bondage and  
despair ; (Amen.)

Daniel from the hungry lions in  
their lair ; (Amen.)

And the Children Three amid the  
furnace-flame ; (Amen.)

Chaste Susanna from the slander  
and the shame ; (Amen.)

David from Goliath and the wrath  
of Saul ; (Amen.)

And the two Apostles from their  
prison-thrall ; (Amen.)

Thecla from her torments ; (Amen :)  
—so to show Thy power,

Rescue this Thy servant in his evil  
hour.

GERONTIUS.

Novissima hora est ; and I fain  
would sleep.

The pain has wearied me. . . . . Into  
Thy hands,

O Lord, into Thy hands. . . . .

THE PRIEST.

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de  
hoc mundo !

Go forth upon thy journey, Chris-  
tian soul !

Go from this world ! Go, in the  
Name of God

The Omnipotent Father, who cre-  
ated thee !

Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ,  
our Lord,

Son of the living God, who bled for  
thee !

Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit,  
who

Hath been pour'd out on thee !  
Go, in the name

Of Angels and Archangels ; in the  
name

Of Thrones and Dominations ; in  
the name

Of Princedoms and of Powers ; and  
in the name

Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go  
forth !  
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and  
Prophets ;  
And of Apostles and Evangelists,  
Of Martyrs and Confessors ; in the  
name  
Of holy Monks and Hermits ; in  
the name  
Of holy Virgins ; and all Saints of  
God,  
Both men and women, go ! Go on  
thy course ;  
And may thy place to-day be found  
in peace,  
And may thy dwelling be the Holy  
Mount  
Of Sion :—through the Name of  
Christ, our Lord.

. . . . .

ANGEL.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth  
and height,

But most in man, how wonderful  
Thou art !  
With what a love, what soft per-  
suasive might  
Victorious o'er the stubborn  
fleshly heart,  
Thy tale complete of saints Thou  
dost provide,  
To fill the throne which angels lost  
through pride !

He lay a grovelling babe upon the  
ground,  
Polluted in the blood of his first  
sire,  
With his whole essence shatter'd  
and unsound,  
And coil'd around his heart a  
demon  
Which was not of his nature, but  
had skill  
To bind and form his op'ning mind  
to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set  
aright

The balance in his soul of truth  
and sin,

And I have waged a long relentless  
fight,

Resolved that death-environ'd  
spirit to win,

Which from its fallen state, when  
all was lost,

Had been repurchased at so dread  
a cost.

Oh, what a shifting particolor'd  
scene

Of hope and fear, of triumph and  
dismay,

Of recklessness and penitence, has  
been

The history of that dreary, life-  
long fray !

And oh, the grace to nerve him and  
to lead,

How patient, prompt, and lavish at  
his need !

O man, strange composite of heaven  
and earth !

Majesty dwarf'd to baseness ! fragrant flower

Running to poisonous seed ! and  
seeming worth

Cloaking corruption ! weakness  
mastering power !

Who never art so near to crime and  
shame,

As when thou hast achieved some  
deed of name.

. . . . .

Hark to those sounds !

They come of tender beings angelical,

Least and most child-like of the  
sons of God.

FIRST CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,

And in the depth be praise :

In all His words most wonderful ;

Most sure in all His ways !

To us His elder race He gave  
To battle and to win,  
Without the chastisement of pain,  
Without the soil of sin.

The younger son He will'd to be  
A marvel in His birth :  
Spirit and flesh his parents were ;  
His home was heaven and earth.

The Eternal bless'd His child, and  
arm'd,  
And sent him hence afar,  
To serve as champion in the field  
Of elemental war.

To be His Viceroy in the world  
Of matter, and of sense ;  
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,  
A resolute defence.

. . . . .

SECOND CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise :

In all His words most wonderful ;  
Most sure in all His ways !

Woe to thee, man ! for he was found  
A recreant in the fight ;  
And lost his heritage of heaven,  
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,  
Around the tempest's din ;  
Who once had Angels for his friends,  
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man ! a savage kindred they ;  
To flee that monster brood  
He scaled the seaside cave, and  
clomb  
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,  
With aids which chance supplied,  
From youth to eld, from sire to son,  
He lived, and toil'd, and died.

He dreed his penance age by age ;  
And step by step began  
Slowly to doff his savage garb,  
And be again a man.

And quicken'd by the Almighty's  
breath

And chasten'd by His rod,  
And taught by angel-visittings,  
At length he sought his God ;

And learn'd to call upon His Name,  
And in His faith create  
A household and a father-land,  
A city and a state.

Glory to Him who from the mire,  
In patient length of days,  
Elaborated into life  
A people to His praise ?

. . . . .

THIRD CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise :

In all His words most wonderful ;  
Most sure in all His ways !

The Angels, as beseemingly  
To spirit-kind was given,  
At once were tried and perfected,  
And took their seats in heaven.

For them no twilight or eclipse ;  
No growth and no decay ;  
'Twas hopeless, all-ingulfing night,  
Or beatific day.

But to the younger race there rose  
A hope upon its fall ;  
And slowly, surely, gracefully,  
The morning dawn'd on all.

And ages, opening out, divide  
The precious, and the base,  
And from the hard and sullen mass  
Mature the heirs of grace.

. . . . .

ANGEL.

We have gain'd the stairs  
Which rise towards the Presence-  
chamber ; there  
A band of mighty Angels keep the  
way  
On either side, and hymn the In-  
carnate God.

ANGELS OF THE SACRED STAIR.

Father, whose goodness none can  
know, but they  
Who see Thee face to face,  
By man hath come the infinite dis-  
play  
Of Thy victorious grace ;  
But fallen man—the creature of a  
day—  
Skills not that love to trace.

It needs to tell the triumph Thou  
     hast wrought,  
 An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's  
     reach of thought.

It needs that very Angel, who with  
     awe,  
     Amid the garden shade,  
 The great Creator in His sickness  
     saw,  
     Soothed by a creature's aid,  
 And agonized, as victim of the Law  
     Which He Himself had made ;  
 For who can praise Him in His  
     depth and height,  
 But he who saw Him reel amid that  
     solitary fight ?

SOUL.

Hark ! for the lintels of the pres-  
     ence-gate  
 Are vibrating and echoing back the  
     strain.

FOURTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise ;  
In all His words most wonderful ;  
Most sure in all His ways !

The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord,  
As if He reckon'd ill,  
In that He placed His puppet man  
The frontier place to fill.

For, even in his best estate,  
With amplest gifts endued,  
A sorry sentinel was he,  
A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help  
Must needs possess a wife,  
Could cope with those proud rebel  
hosts  
Who had angelic life.

And when, by blandishment of Eve,  
That earth-born Adam fell,

He shriek'd in triumph, and he  
cried,  
"A sorry sentinel ;

"The Maker by His word is bound,  
Escape or cure is none ;  
He must abandon to his doom,  
And slay His darling son."

ANGEL.

And now the threshold, as we trav-  
erse it,  
Utters aloud its glad responsive  
chant.

FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise :  
In all His words most wonderful ;  
Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !  
When all was sin and shame,

A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against their  
    foe,  
Should strive and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than grace  
Should flesh and blood refine,  
God's Presence and His very Self,  
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He who smote  
In man for man the foe,  
The double agony in man  
For man should undergo ;

And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,  
Should teach His brethren and  
    inspire  
To suffer and to die.

ANGEL.

Thy judgment now is near, for we  
are come  
Into the veiled presence of our God.

. . . . .

SOUL.

I go before my Judge. Ah! . . . .

ANGEL.

. . . . Praise to His Name!  
The eager spirit has darted from  
my hold,  
And, with intemperate energy of  
love,  
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;  
But, ere it reach them, the keen  
sanctity,  
Which with its effluence, like a glory,  
clothes  
And circles round the Crucified, has  
seized,

And scorch'd, and shrivel'd it ; and  
now it lies

Passive and still before the awful  
Throne.

O happy, suffering soul ! for it is  
safe,

Consumed, yet quicken'd, by the  
glance of God.



